

PR 5349

S2A65

Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5

PR 5349

S2 A65

Copy 1

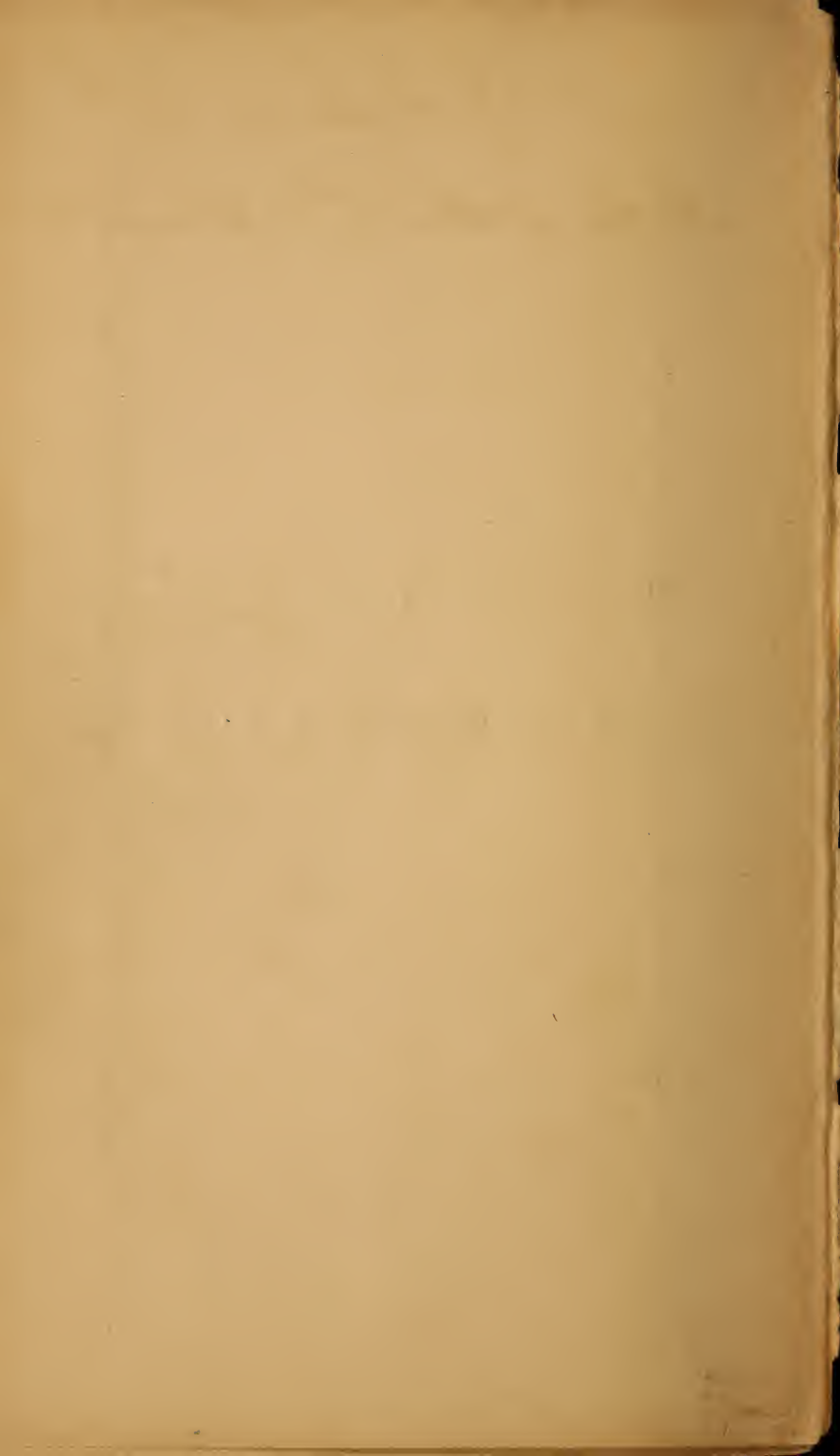


J. H. Lewis Esq.
With the Author's Compliments

H A D E S,

AND

THE PROGRESS OF MIND.



H A D E S ;

OR,

THE TRANSIT:

AND

THE PROGRESS OF MIND.

TWO POEMS.

BY

W. B. SCOTT.

1
 2
 3
 4
 5
 6
 7
 8
 9
 10
 11
 12
 13
 14
 15
 16
 17
 18
 19
 20
 21
 22
 23
 24
 25
 26
 27
 28
 29
 30
 31
 32
 33
 34
 35
 36
 37
 38
 39
 40
 41
 42
 43
 44
 45
 46
 47
 48
 49
 50
 51
 52
 53
 54
 55
 56
 57
 58
 59
 60
 61
 62
 63
 64
 65
 66
 67
 68
 69
 70
 71
 72
 73
 74
 75
 76
 77
 78
 79
 80
 81
 82
 83
 84
 85
 86
 87
 88
 89
 90
 91
 92
 93
 94
 95
 96
 97
 98
 99
 100
 101
 102
 103
 104
 105
 106
 107
 108
 109
 110
 111
 112
 113
 114
 115
 116
 117
 118
 119
 120
 121
 122
 123
 124
 125
 126
 127
 128
 129
 130
 131
 132
 133
 134
 135
 136
 137
 138
 139
 140
 141
 142
 143
 144
 145
 146
 147
 148
 149
 150
 151
 152
 153
 154
 155
 156
 157
 158
 159
 160
 161
 162
 163
 164
 165
 166
 167
 168
 169
 170
 171
 172
 173
 174
 175
 176
 177
 178
 179
 180
 181
 182
 183
 184
 185
 186
 187
 188
 189
 190
 191
 192
 193
 194
 195
 196
 197
 198
 199
 200
 201
 202
 203
 204
 205
 206
 207
 208
 209
 210
 211
 212
 213
 214
 215
 216
 217
 218
 219
 220
 221
 222
 223
 224
 225
 226
 227
 228
 229
 230
 231
 232
 233
 234
 235
 236
 237
 238
 239
 240
 241
 242
 243
 244
 245
 246
 247
 248
 249
 250
 251
 252
 253
 254
 255
 256
 257
 258
 259
 260
 261
 262
 263
 264
 265
 266
 267
 268
 269
 270
 271
 272
 273
 274
 275
 276
 277
 278
 279
 280
 281
 282
 283
 284
 285
 286
 287
 288
 289
 290
 291
 292
 293
 294
 295
 296
 297
 298
 299
 300
 301
 302
 303
 304
 305
 306
 307
 308
 309
 310
 311
 312
 313
 314
 315
 316
 317
 318
 319
 320
 321
 322
 323
 324
 325
 326
 327
 328
 329
 330
 331
 332
 333
 334
 335
 336
 337
 338
 339
 340
 341
 342
 343
 344
 345
 346
 347
 348
 349
 350
 351
 352
 353
 354
 355
 356
 357
 358
 359
 360
 361
 362
 363
 364
 365
 366
 367
 368
 369
 370
 371
 372
 373
 374
 375
 376
 377
 378
 379
 380
 381
 382
 383
 384
 385
 386
 387
 388
 389
 390
 391
 392
 393
 394
 395
 396
 397
 398
 399
 400
 401
 402
 403
 404
 405
 406
 407
 408
 409
 410
 411
 412
 413
 414
 415
 416
 417
 418
 419
 420
 421
 422
 423
 424
 425
 426
 427
 428
 429
 430
 431
 432
 433
 434
 435
 436
 437
 438
 439
 440
 441
 442
 443
 444
 445
 446
 447
 448
 449
 450
 451
 452
 453
 454
 455
 456
 457
 458
 459
 460
 461
 462
 463
 464
 465
 466
 467
 468
 469
 470
 471
 472
 473
 474
 475
 476
 477
 478
 479
 480
 481
 482
 483
 484
 485
 486
 487
 488
 489
 490
 491
 492
 493
 494
 495
 496
 497
 498
 499
 500
 501
 502
 503
 504
 505
 506
 507
 508
 509
 510
 511
 512
 513
 514
 515
 516
 517
 518
 519
 520
 521
 522
 523
 524
 525

G. H. Deane.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY HENRY RENSHAW, 356, STRAND.

MDCCXXVIII.

Autograph Collection
Reference

PR 5349
S2A65

By Transfer
D. C. Public Library

FEB 23 1933

31

1933

166300g

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA PROPERTY
TRANSFERRED FROM PUBLIC LIBRARY

TO HIS BROTHER,

DAVID SCOTT,

AS A FRATERNAL TESTIMONIAL (THOUGH A SMALL ONE)

OF HIS GREAT LOVE AND ESTEEM,

W. B. SCOTT

INSCRIBES THESE VERSES.

,, , , , , , ,
,, , , , , , ,
,, , , , , , ,
,, , , , , , ,

1900

PREFACE.

IT was the intention of the author when he proposed printing the following verses, merely to gratify himself by a private circulation. He proposed doing so, not so much from a consideration of the anti-poetical character of the times, which has been so much insisted on, as from a consciousness that the nature of the poetry prevented it having a general interest. The poetic *feeling* is, perhaps, always equal, though the revolution of opinion may modify its exhibition, and the *art* of poetry may vary as a matter of literary interest or encouragement. The present poem, however, both from its subject and its execution, addresses itself to those of a peculiar idiosyncrasy, and therefore could not expect popular attention, whether the age were (artistically speaking) poetical or otherwise. The opinion of a friend caused the author to

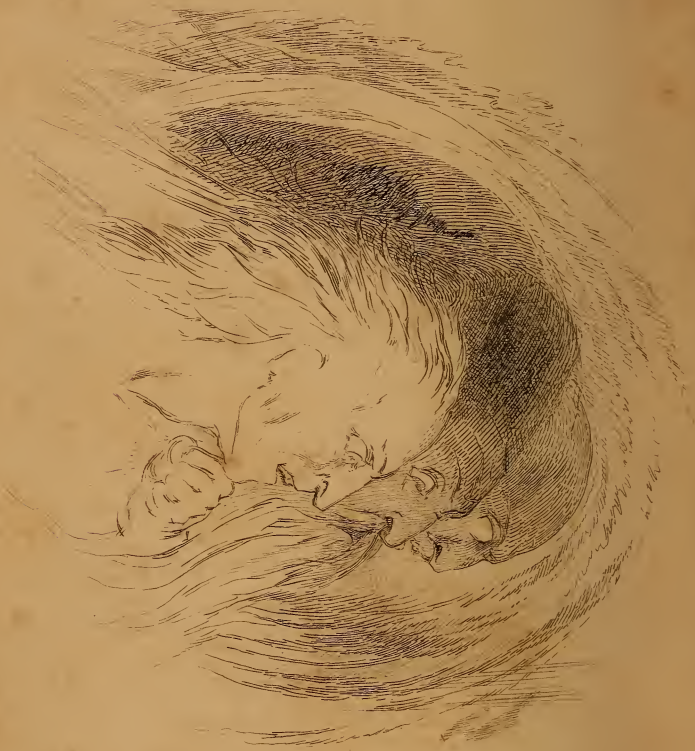
change his determination, and to submit his book (small as it is) to a wider tribunal.

The idea on which the poem rests, was suggested by reading, in Mr. Bellamy's learned translation of the Bible, from the Hebrew, the passage describing Jubal and Tubal-cain. These patriarchs, by some *experimentum crucis* of the brain, became changed from instructors of the early world unto Intelligences in Hades, through whose instrumentality the dead were re-fashioned for the future.

The state in which Homer describes the dead, viz., in languishing pain, possessing desires which they cannot gratify, is that which in all ages has been naturally and popularly attributed to them. Like Orion, *a shadow, the hunter of a shade*, each one pursues his old passions. They are passive impersonations of memory—shades, not beings. The living principle passed on to higher energies, and still its spectral representative remained in Hades. Ulysses' visit to hell in the XI. Od. may be recollected.

Where Hercules is introduced, we are told that while the *φρην*, or living spirit of the hero, is with the gods his *εἰδωλον* converses with Ulysses.

As to the moral, or rather the philosophy of the verses, that must be left to the reader. It must be left to his pleasure, or his cast of intellect, to consider them either as a piece of vagrant fancy, or as the work of the higher faculty of imagination dealing, “through symbol, with things occult.”



H A D E S ;

OR,

T H E T R A N S I T .

THE great Tree of Life with its lustrous flowers,
Sprang from the nurture of Death's black showers.

From the dead worm the insect grew ;

For still decay creates anew ;

And the great Spirit changeth none,

While Death, the formless god, alone

Ministers beneath his throne ;

Charming the vot'ries with songs divine,

And hushing the victims beside the shrine,

At once, as the sun from our purple skies

Sinks dim, while its impearling shine

On other lands and homes doth rise.

Thus the world, from death to death,
 Goeth on breathing its youthful breath,
 And attaining a good more firm and high,
 As the fall of the leaves doth rear
 The palm-tree's feathered crown (where lie
 The milky fruits in the sun) each year,
 And carves on its stem its history.

The angel of death through the dry earth slid
 Like a mole, to the dervish Yan,
 Who lay beneath the turf six feet
 In the house of the dead ; and he smote the lid
 With his hammer that shakes the dead Musleman,
 And whispered thus through board and sheet :
 “ Arise ! that thy closed eye and ear
 “ May see the things that Are, and hear
 “ The melody that can recreate,
 “ And bind again the link of fate.”
 The dervise turned in his grave, and rose
 On his knees at the sound of the three dread blows.
 He was a living man again ;
 Yet he felt no earth, nor of it thought,
 But arose without a strain.
 I ween he marvelled much that nought
 Save these words he heard, for the Koran ran
 In his memory with the fear of its ban,
 And the judgment by angels twain.

Friends wept aloud for the dervise Yan,
 And they also wept for a Christian,
 Whom a muffled procession of late had laid
 Beneath the sward in the cool green shade
Of a sanctified wall, whose stones divide
The earth where heretic corpses hide,
From that set apart for the faithful alone.
 They wept as they placed there a fair tombstone ;
 But the dead man laughed as he woke below,
 For he rejoiced at waking so ;
 He laughed aloud as he thrust abroad
 His hands, like one who prayed to God.—
 “ I am awake ! awake and well ;
 “ And not as craven faiths forebode,
 “ Like foolish prophets lying,
 “ That I should swim through an endless hell,
 “ With maniac doubters dying.
 “ But where is the light, and the earth, and air,
 “ And myself, my living spirit—where ? ”
 The angel of death, stooping, clasped his hand,
 And silenced him, whispering, “ I command
 “ The lyre whose voice wilt answer thee
 “ With God’s high truths unchangeably.”

Beneath the head,
 When the Jew is dead

Is a clod of quick earth kneaden ;
 And as the mourners backward go,
 Three grassy turfs to the grave they throw,
 Saying : "*Thou shalt like the green grass grow,
 May thy soul be buried in Eden.*"

Thus in the Levites' vault was laid
 A Rabbi ; and thus were the honors paid,
 At that time when the dark angel of death
 Gave the two Gentile corses breath.
 And with a difficult writhe, his eyes
 The Rabbi opening, tried to rise.
 " Have the demons power o'er me," he cries ;
 " A Sadducee who believed it not ?"

And he sank back again and ceased to be,
 Like a dreamer whose night-mare is forgot,
 Relapsing in deep sleep heavily :
 Or like an adamantine thing
 That may withstand decay's white wing.
 But the eagle sleeps as sound as he,
 Though its eye is alit by the dawn, and, lo !
 The angel of death roused him also,
 And he slid with slow and painful toil
 From the flesh which is the earth-worm's spoil,
 Trembling to hear the words, " Follow thou too
 Within the strong sphere of the melody
 Whose voice once woken may not die."

And thus have these three mortals passed
 From the grave to the hollow and boundless vast
 Which ever must beyond us lie—
The starless heaven—futuraity.
 And as they fled each seemed to say,
 Now are we alike astray ;
 The faith and pride and power of earth
 Are for dying or for birth,
 Which we can know no more who go
 Hand in hand to the dusk below.

CHRISTIAN.

Down the slope of death we tread,
 Awakened again as at birth, the dead
 Our mother is and our nursing bed.

Down the steep from hearth and home,
 From the merryman's jest, from pen, from tome,
 From the summer's sun and the starry dome.

Down the steep from the labour vain,
 From power, from knowledge, or from gain,
 In camp, court, cloister, mountain, plain.

JEW.

Down the steep from scorn's chill hail,
 From Gentiles vile, from pride's pink sail,
 From the worm and asp, from hiss and wail.

MOSLEM.

Down the steep from Muezzim's coil,
 From the dates and flask, and caftan'd moil,
 From the camel and tentpoles, sweltering soil.

ALL.

Down the slope of death go we,
 Changed and changing, still to be
 Changed throughout eternity.

Whose huge arm is around us now ?
 To whose embraces must we bow ?
 Whither away so soft and slow ?
 Answer, answer from below !

Down from life—sheer down—but where?
 Sinks in the dark this pathless way :
 It is not on earth nor in the air.
 We die, yet live.—Oh, whither away,
 Phantoms of a summer's day,
 Are ye gone? Come back again !
 Revive us as a summer's rain.—
 And, mother, still thou'lt have thy child
 To cling to thee with frolic wild :

Am I not thy little boy,
 And how can I be changed ? What joy
Descends from thy large eyes so mild,
Large unto thy pigmy child.

——'Tis gone ! Thou vision, come again.
 We thirst as spring-tide thirsts for rain.
 The trumpet cannot call the dead,
 And yet I hear it overhead—
 A soldier's sleep is thick and brief ;
 Half in watching, half in fear ;
 Thank their God the Franks are near,
 And the dawn will give us all relief ;
 'Tis hard to fight on dates alone,
 And yet—but again—'tis gone, 'tis gone ;
 And softly bending, fairest, dearest,
 Thou with moonlike light appearest !

Thou, mine own; ah, smile as when

First I saw thee by the hearth;

Lady-girl, oh, smile as then,

That I, thy boy, be weaned from mirth.

—— Dream of a shade! 'tis the past doth cry

In the throes of a shrivelling memory.

—— But, brother spirits, who have come

From yourselves, through a wonderous trance,

Yet living do remain, what home,

What place of rest or permanence

Draws us onward; or can ye tell

Rise we or sink we, to heaven or hell?—

Methought even now my beloved lady's eyes

I beheld in placid light arise;

Methought my guileless mother smiled

Over her unweaned child.

But what strange forms are those below,

That to and fro

Pass as if they walked, and then

Pass in the self-same form again?

Alike they are even every one—

Yet bearing a resemblance dim

To the sons of Adam beneath the sun.

They press upon us, Elohim!

Underneath our feet they move,

And they stalk our heads above;

Yea, they pass through us quite as though
Shadows with like shadows blent ;
 Shadows from some genii sent,
 Whom we their shadows cannot know.

I see, I see

A hurtle of mountain tops dizzily,
 And a large-limbed beast, with a spiring horn,
 O'er an abyss of waste forlorn
 Rushing before a swift spectre's hand ;
 And other hunting spectres follow
 Without bay and without hollo,
 Through hoar forests, and over sand
 Without a sea, an endless strand
 Behind us stretches.—Jesus ! we—
 We are the prey so ruthlessly
 Pursued with fang and spear !

A wind

Severs the vision of mountain and flood,
 And whirls them together ; the pillared wood
 And its cavernous multitude
 Of dark recesses blind.

Fragments of this unfashioned world
 Around our baseless feet are hurled.
 And phantoms, without number, vast,
 Interlace the maddening dream,
 Hustling together, are never past.

And whence this leprous light, no gleam
 Of star it is nor white moonbeam ;
 Like the shine from the sightless eyes of death,
 Like winter's pestal breath ;
 It steams from the gulf of mist beneath,
 It follows each phantom athwart like a stream
 Closing behind with a foamy wreath.
 —Away, away, through cloud and spray
 They rush with tossing hand and brow,
 Mænads or bacchanals, they prance
 Madly, or writhe in the tortuous dance,
 Innumerably intertwined :
 They congregate still, they fade, they grow :
 And wingless from above descending
 Prone they come, nor is the hair
 On their rigid shoulders pending
 Stirred by any passing air,
 As they outstrip the fleet north wind.
 They meet, they swoop together—afar,
 As if around a central war ;
 And now in circles whirl, and we
 Alone cleave the whirlpool steadily.
 Some their unlighted torches raise
 Watching with a sightless gaze.
 Now they cease, and now uncoil,—
 Blackness now suspends their toil ;

And now it breaks, and, lo!
 Walls and towers around us grow,
 With spires and pillared walks and domes—
An infinite wilderness of homes :

And through this web of night and day
 Over every paven way
 Saunter men most strange to see:
 Tiger's stripes about them flow,
 Their limbs in brazen sandals laced,
 And the winged sphere and the scarabee
 On every capital is chased.

'Tis changed—and still a waste of street
 Fills the abyss beneath our feet,
 With awful porch and ample stair,
 Where men with dark and flowing hair
 Follow the hoary ; helm and plume
 The brows of other forms illume,

And gods are seated there.
 But it hath changed again—the gloom
 Hath risen. Joy ! is this our town ?
 With its busy lanes of artizans,
 And all its windings up and down,
 Its women and its gadding clans,
 Its hammermen and taverners too,
 And its market's chaffering crew ?

Alas, it is not.—Would that I
 Were again beneath the breezy sky,
 To go, as we were wont, once more
 By quiet path or beating shore.
 Oh, God, if yet thou hear'st our wail,
 For an hour again
 Let us be men,
 Or now cease utterly and fail
 To live in the throes of memory.

Hath our prayer been heard? Ah, no;
 Spectres that have never trod
 The earth with man, nor heaven with God,
 Rise stark and slow;
 And some with rings of gold
 Amid their corded locks, and brands
 And mystic symbols of dead creeds
 Are in their hands:
 And many in red garments hold
 By the nostrils fiery steeds.
 Lightning quivers from their hands
 As their tempest-bulk expands,
 And their horrent eyes more wide
 Become; with a tremendous stride

They meet—they cling together—now
 The furies of battle are over all ;
 They ascend in pain, they fall
 Sheer through the seething gulf below.
 God of Mahomed ! and are we
 In this living death-strife free ?
 Oh ! that we could dissolve at once

 To nothingness :—advance,
 Ye barbed toilers ! smoke and fire !
 Strangle us that we may expire
 To all this madness. What are these,
 That with a solemn, a regal prance
 Approach in purple to the knees ?
 And eastern beasts before them go
 Laden with the bones of many a foe ;
 Myriads of shadows about them raise
 Their hands exuberant of praise.
 Before the elephants is strewn
 A milky-way of flowers new blown—

 Oh, childlike flowers,
 From what mild bowers
 Come ye, bereft, like Proserpine,
 Of the dews and airs that once were thine !
 Away the vision is hurried again,
 A priestly train
 Bears along the Christian sign.

MOSLEM.

Avaunt ! if ye avoid the ban
Of a cleansed and hallowed Musleman.

CHRISTIAN.

Silence, brethren ! that I may
For our fearful wanderings pray.

JEW.

Brother ! not with them, I'm one
Of the remnant of Israel, Abraham's son.

Would that we could cease to be,
Nor writhe in the throes of memory—
But 'tis past, 'tis past, and a soothing peace
Steals lightly down for our release :
Like an exhausted melody
Wanderingly we lapse away.
Now, good brethren, listen ye
To the voices of damsels fair and free !
Have we never died ? Is all
This boiling gulf of things unknown,
Nought but a bedrid madness grown
From a fevered heart, a withered brain ?
Shall we tear the horrent pall
And awake from death again ?—

They come not ! nor doth any voice
 Approach to wail or to rejoice.
 Oh, that this death-closed ear
 Were freed from dust that it still might hear
 Those spectres who shout with a visible noise,
 As this wildering maze they thread—
 And now a roof expands o'erhead,
 A chamber wide,
 With lazars writhing on every side—
 Now with a hurricane it is swept—
 Or have they crept,
 Like worms, beneath the walls so fair,
 Clad with couch and curtains rare,
 And ivory pendants here and there,
 And unwrought gold on cedarn beams,
 Where the timbrel hangs and the cestus gleams,
 And peri-sleepers hide :
 Whither, whither do we fall
 Fainting, gasping ; do we swim
 Through a moonless wrack, a cloud world dim,
 An endless moil, where the God of all
 Is not and cannot hear our prayer.
 Oh, that the dead he yet might spare,
 That we might utterly cease to be,
 Nor live in the throes of memory.

Thus the travellers from the grave
 Wailed as they wandered. Who can say
 What likeness beseems the wond'rous way
 Within the silent door of death ;
 Or what Almighty secrets pave
 The path to New life, when the breath
 And sense have ceased to be, as now,
 The guardians of our souls ? The plough
 | Furrows bones where warriors trod
 Belted, and plumed, and iron-shod,
 Filled with glory or disdain
 Of the peaceful or the slain.
 The shreds that the plough may stir, I deem,
 Little like the warriors seem.

Two lights, two sphered lights appear,
 Two lights, like the moon at the fall of the year,
 When the evening sky is mantled o'er
 With a hazy fleece, and of all the store
 Of stars not one can penetrate
 The cloudy woof till the night be late.
 Two haloes slowly and steadily
 Met them, like a nether day,
 And increasing in beauty still more and more ;

Behold, they are the tiaras of light
 Upon the heads of gods ; a sound—
 A blessed swoon of music, wound
 From those two haloes, passed around
 The wanderers with resistless might.

And say,

Whose tongues be they
 That own such potent alchemy,
 Such subtilty divine ?

Upon whose crown
 Hath a light come down,
 Holy Spirit ! like to thine ?

[The wanderers beneath that melody
 Slept with delicious joy away.

And what was the song
 That bore along

These spirits with a power so strong ?

Would I could repeat the lay

In the light of upper day ;

And unwreath both warp and woof

Of this web of conscious life,

And tear all sensuous thoughts aloof,

And all entanglement of strife ;

Then weave it again with the amaranth flower,

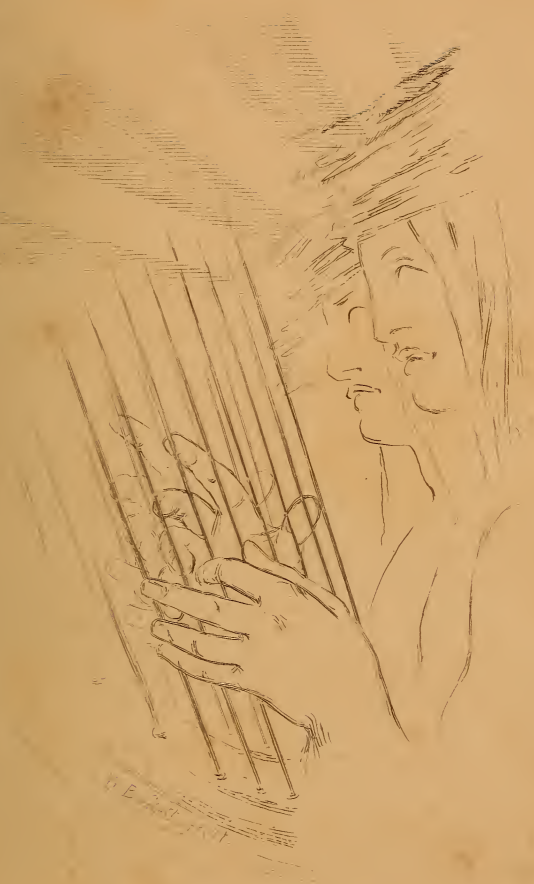
And die it with nepenthē bloom,

That man might know not sorrow's hour,

Nor fear the gods beyond the tomb !

But what was the song
 That bore along
 Those spirits with a power so strong ?
 Would I could repeat the lay
 In the mole-eyed light of day :
 And charm the heart to *hope* no more,
 But to flow like a wine-cup mantling o'er ;
 And wean the soul from the thirst to know
 By the fullness of self-knowledge.—Oh,
 That the weary might unbind his hand,
 And the dweller in the northern land
 Cast the seal-skin from his limb,
 And softly sail in peacefulness
 On the waveless stream in the mild caress
 Of heaven, a slumbering—this grand hymn
 (Like their images in the watery floor)
 Echoing their souls in their silentness,
 And pouring over them a shower
 Of everlasting power,
 Like liquid light from a golden ewer.

When the sound of the wires
 Of those marvellous lyres
 Had the strife of those ghosts allayed,
 Their shadows remained in the world of shade,
 Their flesh in the earth
 That gave it birth ;—





Then in what were their souls arrayed ?
The new-born child hath lapsed quite
From ante-natal life ; a night
Of utter change doth interpose :
And when the grave on the dead doth close,
And the spirit hears the gods below
Singing as they go,
Utterly changeth it also ?
For the great Spirit changeth none ;
But Death, the formless god, alone
Ministers around his throne.

THE PROGRESS OF MIND:

AN ODE.

It is scarcely necessary to mention, that the following poem was published some years ago ; as it is most probable few who see the present book recollect the former one : and as it was then in a form very different, and much longer. The opening invocation to the powers of nature was suggested by Shelley's " Alastor"

"Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood !"

The poem was written by the author as a preliminary to a larger one on the same subject. It is illustrative of a theory which many, doubtless, may question ; but as far as that theory is expressed in the present ode, little more is necessary to carry the reader along with it, than he should admit, as Burton has it, that, "the last is commonly best ; I say, with Didacus Stella, a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see further than a giant himself."

THE PROGRESS OF MIND:

AN ODE.

I.

1.

Most beautiful of depths, unlimited
Wonder to the wandering soul;
Wide home of worlds, thou azure dread
In which our earth doth roll.
And thou great sun, whose light for ever given
To all, doth make it venerate the heaven,
Where thou dost live who generatest heat
And love, throughout all hearts that breathe and beat.
And thou, moon, wandering patiently
Through the silver wrack of the nightly sky,
Mother of holy hope and joy,
And music, which the gods employ;
And thou, the god of worlds afar,
Lamp-seeming fretted star;

And thou earth, freshened by the gorgeous change
 Of breeze and blossom, sunshine and stark boughs,
Thunder's vast tremor and the lightning's range,
Smiles of pied flowers, and fragrant tears of dew ;
Of rigid mountain's rain-bared brows,
 Whose steps the primal generations knew.
 All might of changeless nature, air,
 And earth, and ocean multitudinous ;
 All that the brotherhood do share,
 Or in exchange of harmonies rejoice—
 With human language, thus
 I call upon ye, every form and voice,
 Every thought-giving influence,
 From your mystic regions hence !
 Man doth command : the song of good
 Awakens for ever your solitude !

2.

And whose white feet so buoyantly
 Hold o'er the bending flowers their way ?
 The Dryad whose continual smile
 Leaves not the waking buds meanwhile ;
 The nymph who from the grotto'd stream
 Rises like a rainbow's gleam.
 The fawn uncouthly snores profound,
 His face unto the sky ;

His amphora of spicy wine,
 And plaited basket by him lie,
 Filled with forest nut and pine ;
 Awakes he as they pass, along
 Speeds he to join their dance and song.

3.

“ Unto the human power, whose voice
 Makes sister Echo’s heart rejoice
 With laugh and song’s quick changes free,
 And sorrow’s soft pale melody :
 With melting lyre and startling horn,
 And thoughtful words of spirit born.
 Who shears the dry stems from the vine,
 Round whose supports its tendrils twine,
 And ’neath its shade who seeks repose
 When the holy eve doth close.
 Who drives the noxious worm away
 From spring or stream, from leaf or spray.
 For him we fill the bowl, his home
 Shall be our temple-dome :
 For him we heap the fruits, his board
 Shall be our altar stored.”

The wisdom-hornēd Pan
 Heard, as over his capacious brow
 Meander’d sympathetic glow ;

He smiled ; the old god, universal Pan
 Smiled on the demi-god young man,
 As Nature multiform before
 His feet her wealth came forth to pour.

II.

I.

O'er the gold-encrusted sand
 Of a sun-browned land
 The Ganges widens to the sea,
 Islanded by lotus and banian tree ;
 Upon its shore rise towers,
 And domes by pillar'd roofs upborne,
 And paths are through its mountains worn
 By art's concentrated powers.

But from those caverns deep
 What feezing whispers shrilly creep !
 The yearning of man diseased, for more
 Than he may find in nature's store.
 Tradition clothes itself in life,
 And in the throes of manhood's strife
 With ignorance, to the forms that stand
 Around, the work of his own hand,

Pointing, she cries, "Truth, love, or peace
From humble adoration grows."

Oh, well these lyre-like names he knows,
And manhood bows for hoped release

From mastering fear and from his pains repose.

But fear, not love, from their marble eyes
Falls on him kneeling, and there he lies.

*To Πάθος τούτο
Φιλοσοφού εστίν.
Θαυμάζειν
Πλάτ.*

2.

A cypher'd tongue is formed, a scroll

That thoughts laborious doth unroll

On the papyrus dried appears—

Oh, strange! the wisdom of the sages' years,

The life-time of the world is there,

By fable and by prophecy laid bare.

Thence speculations dark as is their cause,

Shed their sepulchral glimmering on the shrine,

That by the herd is bowed to as divine,

While the initiated scoffers pause

To bid them kneel again,

That they may tighten still their soul-inearthing chain.

3.

And now a luminous train doth pass

From gardens, porticoes, and gates of brass.

He who taught to blend benign,
 The juices and the sweets of wine ;
 Who taught the husbandman to hail
 The Twins, the Virgin, and the Scale ;
 Who taught the miner's armed hand
 O'er radiant gold and steel command ;
 And he who taught the pains that creep
 Through life's pulse to be soothed in sleep ;
 And lo, before the obedient gale
 The oar-limbed car doth sail,
 And the joyful song of mariners,
 The hearts of waiting thousands stirs :
 What treasure doth it bear,
 What gold of distant streams, what sweets of distant air,
 What diamond's starrier sheen,
 What emerald's livelier green,
 To enthrone luxury,
 To strengthen or to beautify ?

4.

Another pageant more august
 Passes unscathed by the charnel's dust,
 Cinctures of adamant around
 Their Promethean temples bound.

He who first caught their music from the spheres,
 And echoed it to mortal ears ;
 Who carved from plane-tree boughs the Dorian flute,
 And gave their breath to the lyre and lute.
 They whose tongue's enwreathen speech,
 Mightier than the thunders roll,
 That over heaven's whole breadth doth reach,
 Captive hath led the wide-eyed soul.

A vastly circled theatre
 By Attic multitudes astir—
 Hark ! as a storm across the sky,
 The shout of fame that cannot die,—
 Triumph ! the poet bows,
 While the votive wreath sinks o'er his brows.
 And now the queen of nations rears
 Many a conquered monument ;
 And, lictor-guarded, there appears
 A senate on high councils bent :

Before the judges stands with arms outspread,
 And eager port and regal head,—
 While reason's fire his eyes illumine—
 The living eloquence of Rome ;
 And through the empire's girdless realms afar
 His voice decrees, for peace or war.

III.

1.

Ages advancing change : from the bare north
 What clang, heart-sickening, rings forth ?
 The jarring of a quiver stored,
 The griding of a whetted sword.
 Red the sea-foam swells and glances,
 Where their galley's beak advances ;
 On each heavy-laden head
 Brazen glory hath been shed.
 Gods ! the terror of that sound—
 That struggle for life that ploughs the ground—
 Heaven severs, to its yawning wrack
 Odin hails the spirits back.—
 The wine-press of the chariot-wheel ;
 The wine, how plentiful, how high !
 The song bursts from them as they reel
 Writhing, the song of agony—
 Passion, mighty to destroy !
 Is this the hushed dell-haunting strain
 Wherewith Greece rejoiced to toy,
 Gladdening her god-loving vein ?
 The night-bird of the north
 Rattles her stifling wing,
 The Moslem sabre of the south

Leaps to the murdering.

Ha, ha ! the seven-hilled city still

Ever-craving power doth fill—

Ha, ha ! the triple-crested king !

2.

Where now Phœnician purple's glow ?

Where Persia's gold embossed bow ?

Where is Egypt, that old wonder ?

Hath passion conquered intellect—the hand

Rebelled against the mind's command ?

Hath the gothic raven's wings

Darkened wisdom to fledge kings ?

No ! like an eternal thunder

O'er our late-built cities driven,

The voices of the sages still endure,

Gathering from us new power more pure ;

And from the plunder of a ravaged world

Hath liberty arisen, and hurled

Her right arm to the seventh heaven.

3.

Ages advancing change : in the scorner's chair

The doubter sits, his famed scholastic stole

Gathering by silver-seeming clasp of lead :

And as the humbly-mitred head

In secret luxury doth loll,
 His hand, unbaptised, lays it bare.
 A scaffold rises—weltering gore
 Down the shameless steps doth pour ;
 That scaffold is a king's last bed,
 That blood from an ermined trunk is shed :
 Demoniac laughter at his fall
 Maddens the Franks' freed capital.
 Flame-crested Liberty hath trampled ruth,
 And barbed her spear with the tiger's tooth.
 The strife now stills, the tide doth rise breast-deep
 Where Custom and her blind mate sleep ;
 And with its far resounding motion
 Onward wears heaven-glassing ocean.

IV.

1.

Say, ye who know, what power doth climb
 The world unheeding the pilgrim Time ?
 What power, unscathed by his passing wing,
 Gathers strength in journeying ?
 What power doth lift the shadowing beard
 Of oblivion stark and worn ?
 Whose eye from out the tomb has glared
 With a subtler life ? What power unborn

Raised fair shrines of fabled truth
 To love, to strength, to destiny?
 What power, when these shrines sank dust-worn,

Rose in more strenuous youth,
 And standing on the 'glyphic piles
 Of worship past, superior smiles,
 Offering to the later man

*a false word-glyphic mean
 sculptured - & logos*

What was of old poured libative to gods,
 And binding on his hair the flowers,
 Which erst were temple-pavement's dowers?
 What power in loving earth's green sods,

Lifteth an universal scan,
 Feeling itself a chained deity?

2.

Philosophy!

Sun of the mind's unmeasured sky,
 Where tend thy wondrous rayings—where
 The glory lighted thus we may not bear?
 Oh! dreamless soul, whose eye's firm light
 Beacons to thoughts and deeds of might,
 Deep yearning for enduring good,

For soul-sustaining food:
 Thou searchest inward to the grave,
 And upward through the stars that pave
 The bounds of our mortal sight:

Thou know'st the laws necessitous, that roll
 Through nature, guiding to her transient goal :
 But not thus satisfied wilt thou,
Like an o'er laboured giant, bow.
 Onward, onward is the prize
 For which of old thou didst arise,
 To which thou tendest now.

3

A farewell to my lay ! a vision wakes,
 A vision of the willing heart ;
 Oh, that they yet may prove, my God,
 Prophetic words I now impart !
 What years, what cycles have gone by
 Of unrecorded history.
 What thoughts then voiceless lived or died
 To everlasting things allied,
 It matters not ; pain hath come down
 Like snow upon an Alp's bald crown.
 Ages have come and gone,
 Ages shall come and go ;
 The pyre still loftier hath grown,
 Still loftier shall grow.
Seated beneath the evening, while the palm
 Breathes through its wavering fingers balm ;

The red bee lighting on his hand; the dove,
 Around his roof-tree, warbling love ;
 Nor old, nor boy-like, but of that mid year
 When the dark hair is longest never shorn ;
 E'er on the round limbs marks of toil appear,
 And yet the untried doubt of youth outworn ;

The man of coming days

My visioning displays.

Through his unimpassioned soul what flows
 That giveth him an ancient god's repose ?
 Thinks he of roseate loves, of golden gain,
 Of festive odours, or of wars blood-rain ?
 Thinks he of flattery's lull, of truncheon'd power,
 Of wine, or, like a seer, of death's dark hour ?
 Thinks he of science, or of star-crown'd art,
 Or of the laborous joyance they impart,

Or of that sage of old,

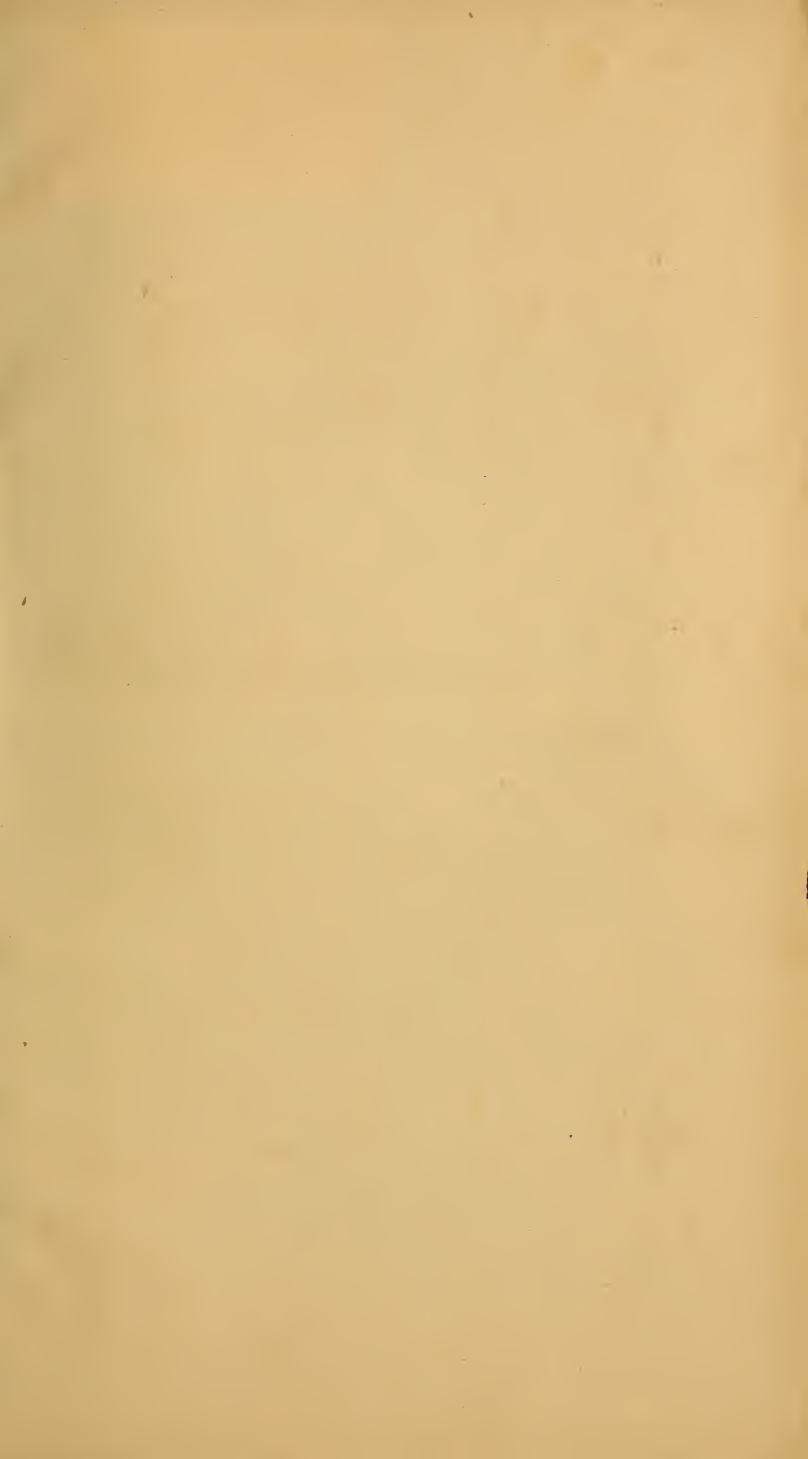
“Knowledge is power,” who rightly told ?

No, he hath felt all and hath pass'd

Onward to happiness at last.

LONDON:

Printed by JOSEPH LAST, 3, Edward-street, Hampstead-road.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 529 431 9



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 529 431 9

Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5